Amuse Bouche

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Amuse Bouche

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Will is in the hospital, watching over Abigail again until he falls asleep. When he doesn't show up for his appointment and doesn't respond to his calls. Hannibal grows irritated. He calls Alana and finds out Will's whereabouts. The alpha takes over Will's vigil. While Will is seemingly deep asleep, he tells Abigail a story about his dead sister Mischa. Hannibal doesn't know that Will has been listening. In fact, Hannibal gets surprised by how much Will knows about him.

(A different version of events in S1 loosely based on Amuse Bouche)

Notes

Hi, this is me. I don't write as regularly as I used to but I keep trying to do so on the weekends. I can't promise anything, though. My new job is demanding (it's okay, I learn a lot of new stuff, but it's really exhausting).

Anyway, This idea came up when I rewatched Amuse Bouche and do hope you enjoy this little oneshot.

No chapters written for my WIPs on hiatus, I'm afraid.

Have a good start into the week everyone!

Xoxo
Nerd

After half an hour of watching over Abigail, Will's sleep-deprived body refused to obey the lack of rest. His eyelids finally resisted his remarkable efforts to stay awake and fell shut.The constant beeping of the monitors in Abigail's room as well as the stress caused by the newest murder case had eroded Will's determination to stay awake.The black raven stag came through the door and into the room, snuffing and staring at Will with curiosity. Obeying the law of gravity his body slumped forwards. Will nearly slipped off the chair right onto Abigail's bed. In the last moment before he crashed his instincts as a trained agent kicked in and he awoke with a sudden jerk.

Abigail was still in the artificial coma, dozens of IVs and electrodes attached to her body. A certain fragility clung to her. Guilt washed over Will like a gush of sticky, black oil. The stains would always be there no matter how hard you tried to rinse it off. He lifted his head wearily, emitted a sigh and gazed at Abigail's sleeping form. "Sorry", he yawned, holding and stroking her hand for a bit "I'm afraid I didn't sleep that much in the past nights. Work and nightmares, the usual stuff."

He fell silent and watched her chest rise and fall steadily. For a split second, Will thought her eyes fluttered and the fingers moved to give him a sign but when he rubbed his eyes and looked again nothing had changed.Will let go, stood up with a grunt, retreated to the little couch on the other side of the room and pulled off his jacket which fell to the floor. He slumped onto the cushion , pulling up his legs to fit onto the rather tiny couch. The black ravenstag settled down on the ground at the same time. They pulled their hooves towards their body and rested the head onto them.

Will's mind drifted off as he rested there on the couch.His last coherent thoughts focussed on his alpha psychiatrist. A soft Omegan purr escaped his throat instinctively as he recalled Hannibal's enthralling scent and his soothing, hypnotising voice laced with the thick Lithuanian accent. The softly spoken *"Will"* lulled him into sleep. He heard no more. Not even when the door opened and Hannibal crept into the room.

Baltimore, Chandler Square, 7:50 PM

While waiting for Will to arrive, Hannibal sat at his desk and busied himself with ticking off to-do lists and comparing notes of his patients. The old-fashioned clock ticked loudly.Twenty minutes had passed and there was still no sign of Will to be seen. It was not uncommon that the omega was late given the hard work as a behavioural analyst or the heavy traffic in this area.

Still, he had endured enough incidents like that in the past.As much as he liked Will and his fascinating mind and omegan empathy, there were limits to tolerating such things. His eyes darted to the empty waiting room and a displeased growl rolled from his mouth. If Will hadn't been that interesting and merely been one of the common rude pigs, he would definitely kill him. He grew pensive.Where could Will possibly be?

Hannibal fetched his smartphone, unlocked the screen and dialed Will's number. No one picked up, just as he expected. Next on the list was Jack Crawford but the head of the BAU

knew nothing about Will's whereabouts as the casework for today had been concluded. He offered Hannibal to call him back if he didn't show up at all. The psychiatrist also called Alana Bloom. Her pleasant, light voice rang through the speaker. No, she had no idea where Will could be, they hadn't seen each other for a week but he might very well be at the hospital, watching over Abigail. There was a slight reproach in her tone as she mentioned the possibility.

A faint smile appeared on Hannibal's lips as she revealed that valuable information to him. He thanked her, made some more smalltalk, then ended the call. The alpha walked through the door behind the desk to his little office kitchen, made some quick snacks to eat, in case the omega neglected his nutrition again, and tidied everything up.He arrayed the snacks in the bento box with calm hands. Hannibal made a mental note to himself to stock up his ingredients and procure foods that omegas craved most.

After washing and drying the cutting board, knives and cleaning the sink and kitchen surfaces, Hannibal turned off the light and left the office. He grabbed his tailored dark brown Burberry coat from the rack next to the door in his waiting room, put it on and adjusted the crimson cashmere scarf. Instead of leaving through this front door, he locked it and turned towards his private exit, leading to the garage level in which his Bentley was waiting for him.

Having endured thirty minutes of traffic to get to his destination, Hannibal entered the parking site of the hospital. He opened the seat belt, reached for the bag with the Tupperware boxes , left and locked the car, then headed to the info desk at the entrance to announce his visit and show his credentials as verification that he was indeed Abigail's guardian.He thanked the employee with a polite smile and walked past the desk towards the stairs. At last he rushed into the intensive care unit on the second floor.

The alpha strolled down the long corridor, pressed the button on the wall to open the door and moved forwards to room 16. He knocked on the solid, grey-white door. No answer. He knocked again.

Still, Will didn't respond to invite him in. Hannibal peaked over his shoulder and noticed that no nurse or doctor were close by who could remind him that only one visitor was allowed. He opened the door and stepped in, closing the door quietly behind him.

His maroon eyes assessed the situation in the room.A soft smile appeared on his face as he noticed Will curled up on the couch. Hannibal stepped closer to Abigail and checked the vital sign displayed on the monitor. Everything was as it should be now.Her condition was stable and promising, even though the coma took longer than it should.The doctors were doing the best they could. It would be a matter of time now until Abigail would wake up. He didn't want to think about what he would do if she didn't.

His attention got drawn towards the couch as a soft snore reached his ears. Hannibal moved away from Abigail and walked over to Will, picking up his field jacket, which had fallen to the floor With gentle hands,he draped the olive green jacket over his body. The alpha regretted not having brought a soft blanket or a pillow. As he covered him, Will's eyelids fluttered a little.The omega gave out a soft whine and instinctively clutched the jacket serving as blanket for comfort but he didn't wake.

Although he knew that touching him like that was not exactly consensual, the alpha could not resist. He bowed down, inhaled Will's woody and feverish, sweet scent which reminded him of honey. His fond smile deepened. Will was going to be in heat very soon. This was very tempting opportunity to confuse the agent and exploit the situation to plant more seeds of doubts into his brain. His dexterous fingers gently caressed Will's stubbled cheek and his ruffled, chestnut brown curls but he frained from stroking the slightly swollen nape at the last moment.

The alpha swallowed as the primal instinct to bond with Wil welled up within him. Maybe one day. Perhaps when Will could see and accept his true nature as the Chesapeake Ripper and all that came with being a predator. With a last intrigued look, Hannibal stepped away, pulled up a chair to Abigail's bed and began to tell her a story of his childhood. He talked about lovely, little Mischa, his sister which he had lost long ago.

Unbeknownst to him, Will woke up on the couch as he heard the voice. The brightness of the light and the white walls made him squint. When he realized it was Hannibal talking to Abigail, he managed to stifle a yawn and listened to the intimate story with great interest. He stared at Hannibal while picturing the three of them together somewhere in a lovely mansion suspended on a hill,some dogs running around in the green meadows stretching out into the distance. This was what he desired. A caring and dotting alpha, a family.

When he scented the sour smell of distress coming off the alpha, Will decided to intervene.

"I must confess, there is so much about you that reminds me of her,"Hannibal said and rested silent for a moment as he replayed all those precious details about his little Mischa in his memory palace. The image of her imprinted in his mind was as sharp and pristine as a modern photo.He thought of the little dent in her cheek when she giggled,the sparkle in her eyes when she picked daisies in the fields, the intelligent, sharp look in her eyes when he taught her simple mathematics and other interesting things. Mischa had always been a quick learner.

When the dark shadows of her grizzly death invaded the impeccable images of his sister, Lecter castle filled with soldiers and high-pitched screams were audible instead of laughter, the memory palace shattered into a thousand pieces with a loud, deafening noise. They flew through the darkness, until the shards reversed and came back together in the darkness and took on the shape of a young woman with wind chafed skin, big blue-eyes and long, smooth, auburn hair - Abigail Hobbs.

Hannibal breathed in the calming stream of pheromones in the air, his eyes fixed on Abigail. In some ways the time had reversed and the broken teacup had come together again.

The alpha tilted his head slightly, when Will's sleepy voice broke the silence.

"Hannibal?"

Hannibal shifted on his chair to face Will. "Hello Will," he said with a warm smile. "I assume you have caught up on sleep?"There was something alluring about Will's tousled hair and his sleepy and baffled look. Will let out a purr and finally sat up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

“Actually, I’ve enjoyed listening to your story,” he said softly, his cerulean eyes full of empathy and understanding. “It was quite interesting. You were very fond of your sister, weren’t you?” Will asked,with a pensive frown. The alpha hesitated for a moment before he answered. “Yes, he replied, trying to control his facial expression as much as he could. “I do keep thinking about her, occasionally.”

He pushed himself off the chair, grabbed the two Tupperware boxes from the table and handed them to Will, then settled down on the chair again.

“I brought you something to eat,” the alpha added with a polite smile.

In the moments of silence that settled between them, Will assessed the alpha. The shield had been drawn up again. There seemed to lurk more under the surface than the alpha revealed, something which might have to do with the birth of the Chesapeake Ripper, but he didn’t want to pry and push the predator into a corner.

“Ohh, that’s great,” Will replied. He opened the lid and grabbed the carefully assembled pastrami.His stomach made a loud rumble. He knew exactly what the meat was, but he sank his sharp fangs into the sandwich anyway. “I had no time to grab a meal today.”

A moan, almost a wanton one, escaped him. This was music to Hannibal’s ears. Speckles of red flashed in his dark eyes. “This is so delicious, thank you,” Will responded. He wiped the remainders of mustard sauce from the corners of his mouth, then picked up the melon slice with bacon and devoured it.

Hannibal straightened his upper body and raised his head as his pride swelled. A pleased Alphan growl rumbled in his throat as he watched the omega devour his provided meal.

“As I said during our first breakfast together, it’s my pleasure,” Hannibal said softly. “I find it important that you get a proper nourishment when Jack Crawford has you running around on crime scenes all day, depriving you of your needs.”

Will swallowed down the last bit of his snack and fixed his attentive gaze back at Hannibal.

“But this isn’t just courtesy is it? You do want to seduce me,” he remarked with a light omegan purr. His eyes showed hints of playfulness and amusement. “Just like the Ripper does with his tableaus,” he breathed, a faint, knowing smile appearing on his rosy lips.

Hannibal remained silent as he heard Will’s admission. His face became a stoic, unreadable mask once again.

Will Graham knows. Smart boy.

The alpha’s body posture stiffened, his hands reaching for the small scalpel in his name pocket. His pulse, usually so calm and steady, accelerated. It would be such a shame to kill the agent so early but he didn’t want to deal with the omega's rejection and betrayal when he wasn’t ready for what was offered to him.

He would eat his heart to honor him.

In the next moment, however, his plans dissolved into thin air as Will approached, entwined Hannibal's slightly clammy hands with his own and kissed them.

"I see you and accept your courting proposal, Hannibal," Will purred, his eyes turning golden and wild.

Growling, Hannibal grabbed him by his hips, pulled him into a short but no less fervent kiss. Will let out a surprised yelp but melted into it. The alpha held him tightly, afraid as if it was just another dream and Will would break into thousands of shards as well.

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